VIII. *An Account of a new ſort of* Moloſſes *made of Apples; and of the degenerating of Smelts. By the Honourable* Paul Dudley, *Eſq; F. R. S.*

THE Apple, that produces the *Moloſſes*, is a Summer-Sweeting, of a middling Size, pleaſant to the Taſte, and full of Juice, ſo that ſeven Buſhels will make a Barrel of Cyder. The manner of making it is thus; you grind and preſs the Apples, and then take the Juice and boil it in a Copper till three Quarters of it is waſted, which will be done in about ſix Hours gentle boiling; and by that Time it comes to be of the Sweetneſs and Conſiſtency of *Moloſſes*.

Some of our People ſcum the Cyder as it boils, others do not, and yet there ſeems to be no great difference in the Goodneſs.

This new *Moloſſes* anſwers all the Ends of that made of the ſweet Cane imported from beyond Sea. It ſerves not only for Food and brewing, but is of great Uſe alſo in preſerving of Cyder; two Quarts of it put into a Barrel of rack'd Cyder, will both preſerve and give it a very agreeable Colour.

The Apple *Moloſſes* was diſcovered a few Years ſince, by a * Gentleman of my Acquaintance, at *Woodſtock*, in this Province, a Town remote from the Sea, and where the *Weſt India Moloſſes* is dear and ſcarce; he ingenuouſly confeſſes the Diſcovery was purely accidental; but ever ſince he has ſupplied his Family with *Moloſſes* out of his Orchard, and his Neigbours alſo now do the like to their great Advantage.

* J. Chandler, *Eſq;*

Our

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Our Country Farmers run much upon planting Orchards of theſe Sweetings, for fatting their Swine, and aſſure me it makes the beſt ſort of Pork. And I know the Cyder made of them to be better than that of other Fruit for Taſte, Colour, and keeping.

Two ſhort Miles from my Houſe we have a fine Pond, of half a Mile over, little or no Communication with the Sea. An ingenious man, ſome three-ſcore Years ago, for an Experiment, took a Pail of large Smelts from the River and put them into this Pond, where they have increaſed abundantly, but are degenerated to a very ſmall ſort; for our River-Smelts I ſuppoſe are full as large as thoſe of the *Thames*, ſome of them I know, will weigh two Ounces and an half, whereas theſe ſmall ones will not weigh five Penny-Weight. We reckon the Pond-Smelt eats much better than the other, and then they are very tranſparent, and of a beautiful ſhining Pearl-Colour.

Roxbury, New England,
October 25, 1722.

Paul Dudley.

F I N I S.

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